

Muddy Misery

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Summary: My take on what would actually happen if two random best friends fell into Middle-earth.

Muddy Misery

A/N: Despite my cynicism towards a modern person's survival in ME, I decided to make this. I always see 'x and her friend fall into ME and find love teehee!' No. Just... No.

So, this is my take on what two friends would actually do if they fell into Middle-earth together. Complete with language barriers!

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Dear Imaginary Journal,

Today was not a good day.

Hell, it wasn't even a bad day.

It wasn't even a horrible, terrible, no-good, very bad day.

It was a clusterfuck of chaos and panic and mud.

Yes, mud.

Mud just might be the worst part of the day, besides getting ejected from my house (and possibly universe) with my ex best friend.

Well, we were still best friends at the time...

Like I said, today was pretty damn bad.

I don't know how the hell we got here. We just popped in a Lord of the Rings disc for movie night, and POOF.

Anyway, she-who-must-not-be-named and I are (very reluctantly) cuddling for warmth. In the mud. In the middle of the scariest fucking forest I have ever been in in my life. Right next to a tree.

Before you get all 'you don't say' on me, let me tell you that this tree is special.

It fucking TALKS.

Not that we can understand it, must be speaking some special tree language.

Fuck that.

The tree doesn't like us very much, I think. I don't think it wants to kill us, either. It's had every opportunity in the fucking WORLD, and we're still alive.

Pity, I wouldn't mind a certain SOMEONE getting squished by a tree.

Good. Fucking. Night.

...

I may post more in the future, but I might just let it stand alone. Please review!

End
file.